O a pit of clay for to be made
for ſuch a gueſt is meet.

Ha. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawier? where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his caſes, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he ſuffer this mad knave now to knocke him about the ſconce with a dirty ſhovell, and will not tell him of his actions of battery? hum: this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his ſtatutes, his recogniſances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes and doubles, than the length and bredth of a paire of Indentures? the very conveiances of his land will ſcarcely lye in this boxe, and muſt th'inheritor himſelfe have no more? ha?

Hora. Not a jot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of ſheep-skins?

Hor. I my Lord, and of calve-skins too.

Ham. They are ſheep and calves which ſeeke out aſſurance in that. I will ſpeake to this fellow: Whoſe grave's this ſirrah?

Clow. Mine ſir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it's thine indeed, for thou lyeſt in't.

Clow. You lye out on't ſir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part I doe not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lye in't, to be in't and ſay it is thine, 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeſt.

Clow. 'Tis a quicke lye ſir, 'twill againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doeſt thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man ſir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman ſir, but reſt her ſoule, ſhee's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knave is, we muſt ſpeake by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord *Horatio* this 3. yeeres I have took note of it, the age is grown ſo picked, that the toe of the peſant comes ſo neere the heele of the Courtier, he galls his kibe. How long haſt thou been a Grave-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes i'th yeare I came to't that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* overcame *Fortinbraſſe*.

Ham.

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee that is n into *England*.

Ham. I marry, why was he ſent into *England*?

Clow. Why? becauſe a was mad, a ſhall recover his or if a doe not 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clo. 'Twill not be ſeen in him there, there are mena

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very ſtrangely they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clow Faith een with loſing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clow. Why here in *Denmarke*: I have bin Sexto and boy thirty yeeres.

Ham. How long will a man lye i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Faith if a be not rotten before he dye, as wee pocky coarſes that will ſcarce hold the laying in, a y ſome eight yeere, or nine yeere; a Tanner will laſt you

Ham. Why he more than another?

Clow. Why ſir his hide is ſo tan'd with his trade, that out vater a great while, and your water is a ſore deca whorſon dead body: here's a skull now hath lyen yo

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clo. A whorſon mad fellows it was, whoſe do you th

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue, a pour'd Rheniſh on my head once; this ſame skull ſir, was skull the Kings Jeſter.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ha. Alas poor *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fello jeſt, of moſt excellent fancy, he hath bore me on his b ſand times, and now how abhorred in my imaginati gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips that I have kiſ how oft: where bee your jibes now, your gamboles your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet t